



The noblest city of the western world

VIEW OF NEW-YORK, FROM WEHAWK HEIGHTS.

THE sun was in the west, and had just emerged from behind a cloud, as if to throw his golden smiles over the landscape, by way of a sweet farewell for the coming night. The birds were flying around from tree to tree, as if with anxiety that day was about to take his departure. Not a breath of air stirred. The drops of rain which the retiring clouds had scattered over the forest, hung glistening on every leaf; and the voice of the landscape seemed to say, look at me and meditate. I did look, and millions of beauties played before my sight, on the land, and the water; in the clouds, and in the skies. At my feet was a precipice; at the foot of that precipice was a valley with meadows and flowers, and streams and gardens, and cattle lowing, and lovers walking side by side, as happy as if misery had no existence in this world. And beyond that valley was a mountain, extending to the edge of the river Hudson, and bending its frowning rocks over his waters, as if angry at the idea that they were stealing away his foundation. At the foot of the mountain was a boat, with a mast, and idle sails, and flag hanging down, as if sad that no breeze came to play with it; and there was a dock, a hill, a house and barn, little harbours, with grape vines and flowers clustering around them; and there were ducks swimming in a pond, a little dog barking at them, hens retiring to roost on trees, maids a-milking, and labourers whistling and singing homeward, rejoicing that their toils were over. Then there was the Hudson, with his mighty stream, bearing a hundred vessels on his tide, and variegated with bays, and points, and islands, and forts, and castles, all shining like burnished gold, from the last rays of the setting sun. And the long city lay upon the water, like a mighty animal asleep, her spires bristling up into the distant sky, and her hundred thousand windows glistening and sparkling in the sun, as if the fairies had built palaces of airy height, and dwelt there; and the city's smoke suspended into a light mist, cast over the many-coloured scene a thin veil of damson hue, so that the very air was painted beautifully. And the poplars shooting up their tall heads, and the green trees scattered over the hills, and the white pleasant country seats, peeping from behind a thousand shades; and the state prison, among other buildings, like a mourning widow in her dark weeds, standing on the water's edge; and Fort Gansevoort, shooting his bold breast far into the Hudson, in proud defiance; and the glass houses, with their tall pillars of smoke, touching the clouds; and the clouds themselves, curling into shapes of dragons, giants, mountains and cities, cataracts and volcanoes, all seemed to vie with each other in saying their glorious and magnificent homilies to the setting sun. And fancy seemed to descend from the top of the highest and the whitest cloud, and she whispered to me, "what a scene; how great, how wise, how benevolent is the sublime Author of the landscape. Bow thyself down, and while every thing in creation seems to worship the setting sun, "worship thou thy Maker." And my heart melted with gratitude: I thanked God for the bounties before me, and turning away, rejoiced that I

**was a New-Yorker ; being under a free government,
in the midst of a landscape surpassed by no other land-
scape in the world. F.**

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.